URBANA UNION.

"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

VOL. I. URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1862. NO. 40.

URBANA UNION.

J. W. HOUX, PROP'R.

OFFICE:—Coulson's Building, (second floor,) West side North Main street, near the Square.

TERMS:—$1 per annum, invariably in advance. 11 copies one year, $10.

LAW OF NEWSPAPERS:

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions to the paper.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they were directed, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered them discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

Poetry for the Hour.

WHY?

[From "Once a Month."]

TWENTY millions held at bay!
Why, Northmen, why?
Less than half maintain the day!
Why Northmen, why?
With the sturdy iron will,
With the pluck, the dash, the skill,
With the blood of Bunker Hill,—
Why, Northmen, why?

Standing yet are Sumter's walls—
Why, Northmen, why?
Slumbering yet th' avenging balls!
Why, Northmen, why?
Charleston left to scoff at ease!
Richmond vaunting as it please!
Traitor-taunts on every breeze!—
Why, Northmen, why?

Hear our wounded eagle wail!
Why, Statesmen, why?
See our spangled banner trail!
Why, Statesmen, why?
Coward England mocks amain!
Courtly Paris shrugs disdain!
Cordial Russia throbs with pain!—
Why, Statesmen, why?

By this fierce but fruitless fight,
On! Leaders, on!
By your waste of loyal might,
On! Leaders, on!
By the blood that soaks the sod,
By the Brave that bite the clod,
By the souls gone up to God!—
On! Leaders on!

By our Past, so bright-renown'd,
On! Northmen, on!
By our Future, starry-crown'd!—
On! Northmen, on!
By the South, deceived, misled,
By our Hundred Thousand Dead,
Who for South and North have bled!—
On! Northmen, on!

—RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

All Sorts of Good Reading.

RUNNING AN ENGINE IN THE CONFEDERATE SERVICE.

[From "Thirteen months in the Rebel Army."]

THE engineer, Charles Little, refused to run the train on during the night, as he was not well acquainted with the road, and thought it dangerous. In addition, the head light of the locomotive being out of order, and the frozen oil, he could not make it burn, and he could not possibly run without it. Colonel Williams grew angry, probably suspecting him of Union sentiments, and of wishing to delay the train, cursed him rather roundly, and at length told him he should run it under a guard, adding, to the guard already on the engine, "If any accident occurs, shoot the cursed Yankee." Little was a Northern man. Upon the threat thus enforced, the engineer seemed to yield, and prepared to start the train. As if having forgotten an important matter, he said, hastily, "Oh, I must have some oil," and stepping down off the locomotive, walked toward the engine house. When he was about twenty yards from the cars, the guard thought of their duty, and one of them followed Little, and called upon him to halt; but in a moment he was behind the machine shop, and off in the dense woods, in the deep darkness. The commotion soon brought the Colonel and a crowd, and while they were cursing each other all round, the firemen and most of the brakemen slipped off, and here we were with no means of getting ahead. All this time I had stood on the engine, rather enjoying the melee, but taking no part in it, when Colonel Williams, turning to me, said:

"Can not you run the engine?"

I replied, "No, sir."

"You have been on it as we came down."

"Yes, sir, as a matter of curiosity."

"Don't you know how to start and stop her?"

"Yes, that is easy enough; but if anything should go wrong I could not adjust it."

"No difference, no difference, sir; I must be at Bowling Green to-morrow, and you must put us through."

[illegible] ly, "Colonel Williams, I cannot voluntarily take the responsibility of managing a train with a thousand men aboard, nor will I be forced to do it under a guard who know nothing about an engine, and who would be as likely to shoot me for doing my duty as failing to do it; but if you will find among the men a fireman, and send away this guard, and come yourself on the locomotive, I will do the best I can."

And now commenced my apprenticeship to running a Secession railroad train, with a rebel regiment on board. The engine behaved admirably, and I began to feel quite safe, for she obeyed every command I gave her, as if she acknowledged me her rightful lord.

I could not but be startled at the position in which I was placed, holding in my hand the lives of more than a thousand men, running a train of twenty-five cars over a road I had never seen, running without a head light, and the road so dark I could only see a rod or two ahead, and, to crown all, knowing nothing of the business. Of course I ran slowly, about ten miles an hour, and never took my hand off the throttle or my eye from the road. The Colonel at length grew confident, and almost confidential, and did most of the talking, as I had no time for conversation. When we had run about thirty miles, and everything was going well, Colonel Williams concluded to walk back, on the top of the boxcars, to a passenger car which was attached to the rear of the train and occupied by the officers.

This somewhat hazardous move he commenced just as we struck a stretch of trestle work which carried the road over a gorge of some fifty feet deep. As the locomotive reached the end of the trestle work the grade rose a little, and I could see through or in a deep cut, which the road ran into, an obstruction. What it was, or how far ahead, I had almost no conception; but quick as thought—and thought is quick as lightning under such circumstances—I whistled for the brakes, shut off steam, and waited the collision. I would have reversed the engine, but a fear that a reversal of its action would crawd up the cars on the trestle work and throw them into the gorge below, forbade; nor was there wisdom in jumping off, as the steep embankments on either side would prevent escape from the wreck of the cars when the collision came. All this was decided in an instant of time, and I calmly awaited the shock which I saw was unavoidable. Though the speed, which was very moderate before, was considerably diminished in the fifty yards between the obstacle and the head of the train, I saw that we would certainly run into the rear of another train, which was the obstruction I had seen.

The first car struck, was loaded with hay and grain. My engine literally split it in two, throwing the hay right and left and scattering the grain like chaff. The next car, loaded with horses, was in like manner torn to pieces, and the horses piled upon the sides of the road. The third car, loaded with tents and camp equipage, seemed to present greater resistance, as the locomotive only reached it and came to a stand-still.

My emotions during these moments were most peculiar. I watched the remorseless pressure of the engine with almost admiration. It appeared to be deliberate, and resolute, and insatiable. The shock was not great, the advance seemed very slow; but it plowed on through car after car with a steady and determined course, which suggested at that critical moment a vast and resistless living agent. When motion ceased, I knew my time of trial was near; for if Colonel Williams had not been thrown from the top of the cars into the gorge below, he would soon be forward to execute his threat—to shoot me if an accident occurred. I stepped out of the cab on the railing running along to the smokestack so as to be out of view of one coming forward toward the engine, and yet to have him in the full light of the lantern which hung in the cab.

Exactly as I had surmised—for I had seen a specimen of his fierce temper and recklessness—he came stamping and cursing, and jumping from the car on to the tender, he drew a pistol and cried out, "Where is that cursed engineer that did this pretty job? I'll shoot him the minute I lay my eyes on him."

I threw up my six shooter so that the light of the lantern shone upon it, while he could see but indistinctly, if at all, and said with deliberation: "Colonel Williams, if you raise your pistol you are a dead man; don't stir, but listen to me. I have done just what any man must have done under the circumstances. I stopped the train as soon as possible, and I [illegible] if you are a reasonable man; but not another word of shooting, or you go down."

"Don't shoot, don't shoot,' he cried.

"Put up your pistol and so will I,' I replied.

He did so, and came forward, and I explained the impossibility of seeing the train sooner, as I had no head light; and that they had carelessly neglected to leave a light on the rear of the other train. I advised the choleric Colonel to go forward and expend his wrath and curses on the conductor of the forward train, that had stopped in such a place, and sent out no signal-man in the rear, nor even left a red light. He acknowledged I was right. I then informed him that I was an officer in the Ordnance Department, and was in charge of a shipment of ammunition for Bowling Green, and would have him court-martialed when we reached there unless he apologized for the threats he made. This information had a calming effect on the Colonel, who at heart was really a clever fellow.

The New Flax Machine.

THE dearth of paper has naturally given a strong impetus to all the branches of enterprise connected with its manufacture, and at the same time is calling into greater prominence such labor-saving machinery as will most readily facilitate the production of the indispensable article. Mallory & Sanford's new brake—an affair which is so simple in its construction that the spectator only wonders he himself did not invent it long ago—is noticeable for the vast amount of labor it saves. The operator—a boy can work it as well as a man—lays on the machine an armful of flax, and in an instant it comes out at the other end almost entirely free of the "shooves"—the woody or pithy matter—and without tow.

The fibre remains unbroken, coming out much softer than the fibre dressed in the old way. It is said by those who use this brake that it will break twenty to twenty-five hundred weight of straw in ten hours, while the saving of the fibre is from six to ten pounds on every hundred of straw. The machine, which is highly praised by those flax-growers and millowners who have tried it, possesses the additional advantage of perfect security to life and limb. There is nothing in its operation to endanger the operator, who cannot hurt himself unless he tries very hard to do so. Paper makers will see that it can also run the unrotted western straw, taking out nearly all the shooves, and leaving the remainder perfectly free from fibre.—*Post.*

Greed of Gold.

WHEN Napoleon, about 1811, desired to build a palace for the King of Rome, near the barrier de Passy, the shop of a poor cobbler, named Simon, stood in the way. Simon having learned what was going on, demanded twenty thousand francs for his tenement. The administrator hesitated a few days, and then decided to give it; but Simon, goaded by the god of gain, now asked forty thousand francs. This sum was more than two hundred times the value, and the demand was scouted. An attempt was made to change the frontage, but being found impossible, they went again to the cobbler, who had raised his price to sixty thousand francs. He was offered fifty thousand, but refused. The Emperor would not give a franc more, and preferred to change his plans. The speculating son of St. Crispin then saw his mistake, and offered his property for fifty thousand francs, forty thousand, coming down at last to ten thousand. The disaster of 1814 happened and all thoughts of a palace for the King of Rome were abandoned. Some months after, Simon sold his shop for one hundred and fifty francs, and in a few days after the sale was removed to an insane asylum; disappointed avarice had driven him crazy.

GOOD ADVICE.—The following, taken from the Adams county Democratic Union, should be remembered by all who read it. Don't sneer at your county paper when you confess you never examine it:

"Read your county paper, before you pronounce a hasty judgment condemning it as worthless. How very few read their county paper! They take it up, glance over it hastily to see if any of their friends are married or dead, and if disappointed, away goes the poor paper into the fire or behind the counter. Read it and become better informed. Read it and learn to love home institutions, and feel an interest in them. Remember it is your county paper, and to your interest to keep it up and make it interesting. How are you to make it interesting? By giving to it your hearty support, and inducing your neighbors to do likewise."

GODLY sorrow is such grace, without it not a man shall be saved, and with it not a man shall be damned. If thy heart be not broken in thee, thy guilt is not broken from thee.

The War in China.

A NEW YORKER COMMANDING THE IMPERIAL ARMIES.

LETTER FROM COLONEL FORESTER, THE SUCCESSOR OF GENERAL WARD—EXTRAORDINARY TALE OF TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

[From the New York Post.]

SOME months ago we published an account of the romantic career and adventures of Mr. E. Forester, a young man from one of the northern counties of this State, who, a few years since, went to China as a sailor, and entering the Chinese service, rose to a high military rank. He became a Chinese mandarin, the next but one in rank to General Ward, and is now his successor, thus keeping an American at the head of the Chinese army.

A letter just received by his relatives in this city from Mandarin Forester, and dated at Ningpo, September 18, gives a romantic account of the perils and dangers he had passed. Having, with the allies, attacked the city of Ching-poo, which was captured with but little loss to the attackers, Forester was placed in charge of the captured city, with a garrison of one thousand Chinese, while the English and French held the city of Cading with about the same number of troops. Both of the places were held for some time, until the enemy—that is the rebel army—approached to the number of 180,000 men. Ca-ding was evacuated by the English and French, and occupied by the rebels, eighty thousand of whom then advanced and surrounded Ching-poo. In the meantime, Forester had received a small reinforcement and although the besiegers offered liberal terms of capitulation, he held out for twenty-one days, until ordered by Admiral Hope to evacuate, and proceed to Jungkong. He was to leave the city with an escort of six hundred men and three gunboats. Two hours only were allowed for the evacuation, while the orders were to burn the city while leaving it.

The evacuation was not successful, and the beleaguered city was too closely surrounded to allow its brave defenders to escape. With others *Forester* was made prisoner by the enemy.

"I will not," he writes in the letter before us, "undertake to recount to you my sufferings during the thirty-one days following, but will leave you to imagine them, when I tell you that *I am the only one the rebels were ever known to spare.* I was five days without food or drink, and in the hot sun, and stark naked all the time. My captors marched me about six hundred miles through many large cities, where—always in a state of utter nudity—I was shown to the people. All this time, too, a chain was fastened around my neck, and my hands were tied behind my back. If you want to find full particulars of all this read the Chinese papers. At last, by my good luck and the kindness of Admiral Hope, who sent a man-of war after me, with a ransom of muskets and powder valued at ten thousand dollars, I was released. This is a kindness on the part of the English government which I can never forget."

During the unlucky evacuation Mr. Forrester lost his valise with $20.000, and all his other property.

He says that the city of Ching-poo was subsequently retaken by the Imperialists, with a great loss to the enemy, who had a force of but one thousand men and seven pieces of artillery. In this engagement, which was commanded by Forester, he received a severe wound in the shoulder. "It is the fourth wound in as many months," he writes, "and I am not dead yet."

The letter from which we are permitted to quote was written before the death of General Ward, of whom his friend Forester writes:

"General Ward's brother is in New York, trying to procure a small navy. He will be glad to see you for his brother's sake, who (Ward) is a good and brave man, and has only thirteen wounds, received during the last two years. Three balls are in his body now."

Colonel Forester was expecting official despatches from Pekin with his papers of promotion. He was preparing to lead a storming party on the attack of Nankin, the capital of the rebels—the Richmond of China. The sudden death of General Ward, and the severe injuries received by Colonel Burgerine, the next in command, causes the chief command of the Imperialist armies of China to devolve on young Forester, the New York country boy. His friends here, and the American public generally, will follow his career with lively interest.

WHAT three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, and which read the same backward and forward? "Madam, I'm Adam."

Henry Ward Beecher on the Message.

MR. LINCOLN has not had a strong cabinet. The members of it have not been united in aims and influence. The President has not had power *to maintain discipline* nor to give unity and energy to its bureaus. The administration has been loosely thrown together, incoherent in purpose, and even secretly divided by selfish aspirations and ambitions, therefore this government has struck rebellion with open fingers and palm, and never once with clenched fist.

This has been the vice of the administration. It has not known its sphere. It has been wasting its time in studying out problems that belong to another department of government, and neglecting the duties that belong peculiarly and exclusively to it.

Its business has been to make war. That has been neglected. It is the duty of Congress to legislate. The administration has been studying legislation. The last session of Congress was largely occupied in investigating the conduct of the war, in urging its energetic prosecution. It was in other words, striving to do the business of the executive. Now the President, not to be outdone, repays it by laying before it speculations upon emancipation, and ciphering out problems for the year nineteen hundred and onward.

And so we have a message that is full of wise political speculations about probable and possible changes of society, but containing almost nothing about *things as they are*—things to be done *now*—things which *belong* to the President's duties, as emancipation speculations do *not*—*the* things on which the government depends. We have an army of 800,000 men. We have lost a year of campaigns because there was nobody who had a practical head to choose the right men for the right place. Discipline ran down, Generals quarreled, and nobody had any skill to manage them; Generals were imbecile, disobedient, and fatal to their own army, and nobody had pluck to remove them. Battles were lost by mutinies right in the face of the enemy, and nobody dared touch the mutineer Generals; battles were half fought and not followed up; the autumn was wasted with intentional dallying by Generals that did not believe in the policy of the administration, and meant to defeat it by military pretenses; and nobody dared to remove them till it was too late for any but a winter campaign. A vast army, under a new commander, changes its base, and adopts a new line, with every foretoken of victory, when it is paralyzed for want of help from a department that has been preparing for war for a year and a half. The President hastens down to see the General. The General runs back to see the President. There is one supreme and imperative want. The nation wants somebody that knows how to conduct national business.

We are an intensely practical nation. We are essentially a wise business people; and we have an administration made up of philosophical dreamers, and political theorists.

The President's Message is very well in its way. It is pleasing to know the opinion of any intelligent man on public topics. But President Lincoln was not placed in the Presidential chair to read lectures to Congress on political economy, nor to manage a war with reference to New York politics, nor to undertake to draw out on paper how we may settle the questions of the next century. He is the Executive. He is not the Thinker, but the Doer. Congress is to think. The President is the man of action.

A Poor Rich Man.

THE Hartford Post, in speaking of Cyrus Butler, Providence, says he was worth some five millions of dollars, yet he lived poorer than most men not worth one thousand dollars. Salt codfish was a standard dish with him, and even in his last sickness, it is said that he upbraided those who had the care of him for their extravagance in providing delicacies for him assuring them that he could not afford it. He was a bachelor, and a snuff taker. His snuff he kept in a large box and bought it by the cent's worth. There was but one store in Providence, and that on India Point, where he could get his box filled for a cent, and the old man used to patronize that store, more than a mile distant, whenever his box required filling.

HE who has a good son-in-law has found a child; he who has a bad one has lost a daughter.

EDITORS often puff their friends to death; and smokers do the same kind service for themselves.

How Rothschild Brought the 'Old Lady of Threadneedle-Street' to her Manners.

AN amusing adventure is related as having happened to the Bank of England, which had committed the great disrespect of refusing to discount a bill of a large amount, drawn by Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfort, on Nathan Rothschild, of London. The bank had haughtily replied "that they discounted only their own bills, and not those of private persons." But they had to do with one stronger than the bank. "Private persons!" exclaimed Nathan Rothschild, when they reported to him the fact. "Private persons! I will make these gentlemen see what sort of private persons we are!" Three weeks afterward Nathan Rothschild—who had employed the interval in gathering all the £5 notes he could procure in England and on the Continent—presented himself at the bank at the opening of the office. He drew from his pocket-book a £5 note, and they naturally counted out five sovereigns, at the same time looking quite astonished that the Baron Rothschild should have personally troubled himself for such a trifle. The Baron examined one by one the coins, and put them into a little canvass bag, then drawing out another note, a third, a tenth, a hundredth; he never put the pieces of gold into the bag without scrupulously examining them, and, in some instances, trying them in the balance, as he said, "the law gave him the right to do." The first pocket-book being emptied, and the first bag full, he passed them to his clerk, and received a second, and thus continued till the close of the bank. The Baron had employed seven hours to change £21.000. But as he had also nine employees of his house engaged in the same manner, it resulted that the house of Rothschild had drawn £210.000 in gold from the bank, and that he had so occupied the tellers that no other person could change a single note. Every thing which bears the stamp of eccentricity has always pleased the English. They were, therefore, the first day, very much amused at the little pique of Baron Rothschild. They, however, laughed less when they saw him return the next day at the opening of the bank, flanked by his nine clerks, and followed this time by many drays, destined to carry away the specie. They laughed no longer, when the king of bankers said, with ironic simplicity: "These gentlemen refuse to pay my bills, I have sworn not to keep theirs." "At their leisure—only I notify them that I have enough to employ them for two months!" "For two months!" "Eleven millions in gold drawn from the Bank of England, which they have never possessed!" The bank took alarm. The next morning, notice appeared in the journals that henceforth the bank would pay Rothschild's bills the same as their own.

The Spider.

THIS insect is a friend to agriculture, although it is considered to be disgusting and poisonous, and many there are that will start back and screech at the sight of a spider, as if they were a venomous reptile. This probably is because tradition and superstition have got possession of our senses. We have been bitten by spiders and received no more injury than from a flea; yet there may be some spiders whose bite is poisonous.

The spider has eight legs and eight eyes; it sheds its skin like the snake; it sometimes survives the Winter in a torpid state; it is like other beasts of prey, capable of enduring hunger a long time; its food consists of flies and insects which otherwise would devour our crops. Look at the multitude of webs in the morning after the fog has left the air, and you will see your field nearly covered, and all these little nets are set to catch insects. How many thousands are daily destroyed? Yet prejudice has got such a hold on our minds that we frequently step aside to crush them and destroy their nests.—Whoever is guilty of doing so is not acquainted with the history of the spider, or they act against their own interest.

"Do you keep nails here?" asked a sleepy-looking lad, walking into a hardware store, the other day.

"Yes," replied the gentlemanly proprietor. "We keep all kinds of nails; what kind will you have, Sir, and how many?"

"Well," said the boy, sliding toward the door, "I'll take a pound of finger nails, and about a pound and a half of toe nails."

THE herb doctors think, that, to be healthy and vigorous, a man, like a tree, must take root.

A DROP of the blackest ink may diffuse a light as brilliant as the light of day.

Boy Enterprise.

BOYS of energy and enterprise are the boys who become men of prominence and wealth in these progressive times. If American boys would learn the art of taking care of themselves, they must acquire the "knack" of earning their own bread and butter," of being on the look out for every "smart chance that may turn up," if they would be honored men.

When the servant of a friend of ours answered the door bell one day last week, she found a little boy with a shovel on his shoulder, on the steps.

"I want to put in your coal," said the boy.

"We haven't got any," said the girl.

"But it is coming," returned the boy.

These rvant was puzzled, and summoned her mistress, who had no sooner appeared than the boy accosted her.

"If you please Madam there is a load of coal coming to your house. Your husband ordered it this morning. I got the number, and came ahead of the cart to get the job of putting it in, if you please."

Of course, madam could not refuse so enterprising a youth, and the job was given to him. In a few minutes, sure enough, the coal was "dumped" at the door, and the little "beaver" was busily at work. Before he was through, eight boys came to apply for the same job.

A fair representative of Young America, was that boy. He may be a millionaire, or he may be a congressman, or a cabinet officer, or perchance, a candidate for the Presidency.

Somebody said, in an Eastern Magazine, that the President of the United States twenty years hence, was running barefooted in some Western wild.

A slight mistake. He was a little coalheaver in Cincinnati.

A Heavy Officer.

THE other day, coming in from Milwaukee, Olin was conductor of the train, which bore, beside a large load of passengers, a gold-laced chap belonging to Pope's staff. He was a dapper little fellow, with style, but he couldn't rest in ease. As the conductor was passing through the car, said Mr. Staff Officer:

"Looh heah, conductaw! I paid for a first class caw! purchased a first-class ticket, and want a better caw than this to ride in!"

"This is a first-class car, sir."

"Well, I don't see it! This is a second-class caw. I have *traveled!*"

"Did you ever see a second-class car cushioned and carpeted—occupied by gentlemen and ladies, before?"

"Don't know—but I want two seats—these are all fast, so I can't turn them. It is not a first-class caw,"

"Who are you, sir?"

"I am one of Gen Pope's staff, sir!"

"Well, sir, I am sorry you are not pleased. Had the Railroad Company known you were coming, you should have had a new car built expressly for you—with something *very soft* to loan your head on. If you don't like this train, I will let you stop off and wait for a *first-class one*—which will be on the next freight!"

This being a staff officer is a big thing—where a fellow can take style, and draw more pay than blood.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

What Music Did.

A MINISTER was once called to officiate in a cold and dreary church. When he entered, it the wind howled, and loose clapboards and windows clattered. The pulpit stood high above the first floor; there was no stove, but few persons in the church, and those few beating their hands and feet to keep them from freezing. He asked himself, "Can I preach? Of what use can it be? Can these two or three singers in the gallery sing the words if I read a hymn? I concluded to make the trial, and I read:

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

They commenced; and the sound of a single female voice has followed me with an indescribably pleasing sensation ever since, and will while I live. The voice, intonation, articulation, and expression, seemed to me perfect. I was warmed inside and out, and for the time was lost in rapture. I had heard of the individual and voice before; but hearing it in this dreary situation made it doubly grateful. Never did I preach with more satisfaction."

Professional Profits.

A CURIOUS fact came out lately before the Court of Exchequer, in England. The proprietor of a theater at Hoxton quarreled with Mr. Wilde, lessee of Leotard the "trapeaist," as to a commission due to him, when it was shown in evidence that Mr. Wilde paid Leotard £200 a week for his services at the Alhambra, and £20 a night for performances any where else. In other words, a French acrobat receives a salary greater than the income of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and three times that of the Premier, for jumping from one rope to another at the risk of his neck. It is twice as much as that of the President of the United States; six times that of any of his Secretaries; and infinitely greater than the professional income of any clergyman, lawyer, judge, general or editor in the whole country.

UNCLE ABE'S SCALE.—The negro is rising in the scale of Uncle Abe's mind. He styled them.

In 1859, the negroes;
In 1860, the "colored man;"
In 1861, the "*intelligent* contrabands;"
In 1862, "free *Americans* of African descent."